

GABBY HAYES

A Fawcett Publication

WESTERN

APRIL NO. 5

10¢



THRILL TO HIS ADVENTURES! LAUGH AT HIS MISADVENTURES!
RIDE WITH THE SOURDOUGH OF WESTERN MOVIE FAME!



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GABBY HAYES

RIDES the *RAPIDS*

LET 'ER RIP,
YUH ORNERY
JUSHEAD!
I DON'T AIM TO
BE THROWN!

GABBY!
YUH CAN'T TREAT
A LOG LIKE
A HOSS!

GABBY RIDES THE RAPIDS SADDLE
STYLE AND IS ALMOST PULVERIZED
INTO SAWDUST WHEN HE LUMBERS
INTO THIS LOG PILE OF ADVENTURE!

GABBY and FRED LARSEN have ridden
into the hills to get lumber for the
BAR NOTHING RANCH!

RECKON WE
AIN'T WANTED
HERE, GABBY!

SHUCKS, THIS
WHOLE WOOD BELONGS
TO WILL FORREST,
MY OLE SIDEKICK!

KEEP OUT
EVERYBODY

C'MON, BETCHA
WE GIT A BIG
WELCOME—BUP!
BULLETS!

EP OUT
RYBODY

ZING!

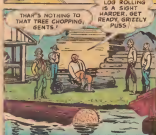
ZING!



The near-by sawmill goes into action—and sawdust spouts out of the pipe over Gabby!









GABBY HAYES WESTERN



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GABBY HAYES

MAGIC LAMP, I WISH
DYNAMITE DAVE'D TURN
INTO A COYOTE!

AWK!
WHAT
HAPPENED
TO DAVE?

AWOOO-OOOO!

HE---HE'S
TURNED INTO A
COYOTE!

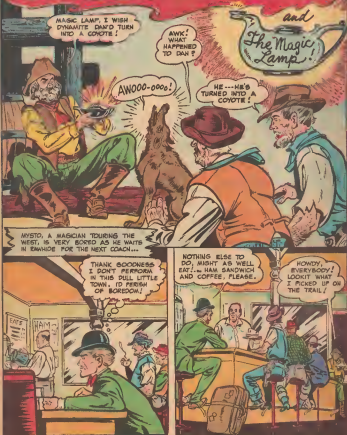
and
The Magic Lamp!

MYSTO, A MAGICIAN TOURING THE
WEST, IS VERY BORED AS HE WAITS
IN ENROUTE FOR THE NEXT COACH...

THANK GOODNESS
I DON'T PERFORM
IN THIS DULL LITTLE
TOWN. I'D PERISH
OF BOREDOM!

NOTHING ELSE TO
DO, MIGHT AS WELL
EAT!-- HAM SANDWICH
AND COFFEE, PLEASE.

HOWDY,
EVERYBODY!
LOOKIT WHAT
I PICKED UP ON
THE TRAIL!



GABBY HAYES WESTERN





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MUSKETEERS OF THE WEST

"WOLLY, IT'S COLD!
WE OUGHT TO BUILD US A
FIRE AND REST A PIECE! BUT
THERE'S ONLY ROCKS AND SCRUBBY
BUSH IN THESE BLAMED HILLS!"

"LARIAT! LOOK
DOWN THERE! THERE'S
A TRAIN OF BURROS
CARRYING FIREWOOD!"

*and the
MYSTERY
of the
BURRO
TRAIN*

ON A RAIN
AND CHILLY DAY
WHEN THE MUSKETEERS
OF THE WEST HAVE BEEN
CROSSING THE MOUNTAINS.

"MAYBE THEY'LL SELL
YOU A FEW STICKS TO
MAKE A FIRE!"

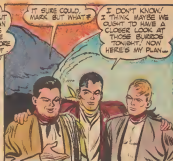
"GOOD IDEA, MARK!
YOU AND BUCK WAIT
HERE, NO SENSE IN
US ALL GOING!"

WHEN LARIAT REACHES THE TRAIL BELOW, HE
FINDS THE BURRO TRAIN HAS PAUSED!

RECKON THE MEN ARE OVER BEHIND
THE ROCKS WHERE THE STREAM RUNS,
TAKING ON SOME FRESH WATER.

"I'LL JUST TAKE A FEW STICKS
AND LEAVE THE MONEY FOR THEM!"





STEALTHILY THE MUSKETEERS TRAIL THE BURRO TRAIN THAT NIGHT WHILE THE MEN SLEEP...





THAT'S IT--BET HIM DOWN! HE'S A
REGULAR CYCLOPS!



BUT THE OTHER TWO MUSKETEERS DESCEND
LIKE A WHIRLWIND!

I ROBBED ME A MEAN
CRITTER!

OWOO!



YEEHAW!

THIS'LL
CALM
YOU
DOWN!



AND IN A FEW MOMENTS!

RECKON THIS
FIGHT'S OVER,
MARK! WE CAME
THE MOMENT
WE HEARD YOUR
SIGNAL SHOT!

GOOD THING,
TOO. I HAD
MORE'N I
COULD HANDLE
AT ONE TIME.
COME OVER
TO THE BUREOS
AND I'LL SHOW
YOU WHAT I
FOUND UNDER
THE BUNDLE
OF MOO WHEN IT
FELL.



GREAT GUNS! A
MONEY BELT!
FILLED WITH A
FORTUNE IN
BILLS! THEY
MUST'VE
ROBBED A
BANK!

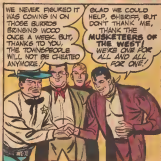
WE'LL TAKE
THOSE COITERS
AND THEIR
BURROS TO THE
NEAREST TOWN
IN THE MORNING
AND TURN THEM
AND THIS
MONEY OVER TO
THE SHERIFF!



THE NEXT MORNING!

YOU'VE DONE THE TOWN A GREAT
TURN! ALL THIS MONEY IS WORTHLESS
COUNTERFEIT THAT HAS BEEN FLOODING
THE TOWN LATELY. I HAD EVERY
DEPUTY TRYING TO FIND HOW IT
WAS COMING IN, BUT
WITHOUT SUCCESS!

COUNTERFEIT,
SH?



WE NEVER FIGURED IT
WAS COMING IN ON
THOSE BUREOS
BRINGING MOO
ONCE A WEEK. BUT,
THANKS TO YOU,
THE TOWNSFOLK
WILL NOT BE CHEATED
ANYMORE!

GLAD WE COULD
HELP, SHERIFF, BUT
DON'T THANK ME,
THANK THE
MUSKETEERS OF
THE WEST!
WE'VE DONE FOR
ALL AND ALL
FOR ONE!

MOJAVE TRAIL

A BUCK DESMOND Story

By Dick Kraus



IT HAD BEEN a very bad fire. The sky was still purple with smoke as Buck Desmond rode out of the Arizona town of Mojave. For half a day, flames had raged through the county seat, ranchers and townsmen alike battled to put them out. Finally the courage and determination of the Arizonans had won—and now only tiny curls of smoke licked up from the blackened ruins that had been Mojave's main street.

As the rambling cowboy spurred his horse along the Mojave Trail, he wiped his smoke-blackened face with a bandana.

"Hot work," Buck grinned. But as he thought of the way all the townspeople had joined together to put out the fire, his face grew serious. "That's the way this country was settled—by folks getting together to help each other out!"

Buck Desmond rode through the rest of the day.

At night, he camped in a sheltered draw. Through the next morning he rode—with no set destination in mind—just the knowledge that his itching feet would not let him stay in one corral very long!

When the sun was high in the heavens, Buck rose in the saddle, and craned his head forward.

"Quit a cloud of dust up yonder," he muttered to himself. "Looks like a herd of cattle. But who'd be grazing—or driving stock—out here?"

He spurred the chestnut forward. As he drew closer to the cloud of dust, he began to make out the reason for it. It was a herd of more than two hundred head of wild cattle—wall-eyed, bellowing longhorns, shaggy cows and leery, skitterish little mavericks. They were wild cattle—the kind that had deserted from herds and hid out in the brush and mountain passes. And, hazing them along with shouts and waving sombreros, were two young, lean cowhands.

The first of the riders hailed Buck.

"Howdy, there," he shouted. "Like our herd?"

Buck grinned. "Quite an outfit! Where'd you get them?"

The youthful waddy rode up close to Buck. "My brother and I rounded 'em up in the hills. Stayed out all summer to do it. We got 'em by twos and threes—kept

them in a dead-end canyon till we got them branded. Now we're fetching them in to market at Mojave. It's mighty tough work keeping 'em bunched, though."

Buck Desmond nodded. Wild cattle were anybody's property—anybody who had the savvy and know-how could catch them, brand them and drive them to market.

"You did a nice job, son," Buck smiled. "Ought to fetch you a mess of cartwheels in Mojave. What's your name?"

"Bob Carter," the boy said. He jerked his thumb over his shoulder at the other lather-thin, sun-tanned cowboy. "And that's my brother Ted. We've branded our stock the LAZY C. Got it registered in Mojave!"

Suddenly he peered down the trail.

There was a clattering of hoofs. Racing toward them over the rutted road were a group of riders. Five of them in all, led by a tall, hulking, black-browed man. Buck Desmond recognized him as Clay Odell—owner of a gunslinging reputation in this part of Arizona!

Slowly, Buck Desmond's hand eased down toward his gun belt. This looked like trouble!

"**Y**OU AGAIN, Odell?" Bob Carter husked. "I thought Ted and I told you to clear out. This is our stock—branded in our name—and we're taking it into Mojave to sell. We don't need your help!"

Clay Odell's face was grim.

"Listen to me, kid." The badman's black brows drew together. "The boys and I ara takin' your herd over. We're puttin' our brand on it—and aellin' it ourselves. All wa have to do is add another line to your LAZY C to make it an O."

Behind him, the scarred, battle-wise faces of his riders were impassive. All of them were heavily armed—and they looked as if they knew the business end of a Colt.

"Get it?" Odell asked. "We're not askin'! We're takin'! Any objections?"

"Why, you ornery—" Bob Carter's hand started toward his wallet, but Buck grabbed him in time. The odds were too great. This fight could only end one way!

"Take it easy, Bob," Buck gritted. "Better let them take the cattle. You can't fight five of them." The boy whizzed toward him angrily. But as he looked into Buck's eyes,

something that he saw there made him hesitate. He looked toward his brother Tad, and the other boy nodded.

"All right, Odell," young Carter said heavily. "We're clearing out. Go ahead. Put your brand on the stock!"

THAT NIGHT, as they camped on a mountain slope, overlooking the herd, Buck Desmond explained his plan to Bob and Ted. Once they knew what he had in mind, they were satisfied. They watched through the early night, as Odell's men branded the howling cattle—adding the arc that made a C an O.

Through the next day, they rode along, high above the trail, as the gang pushed the big herd toward the town.

It was hot, grueling work for the rustlers. Again and again the riders had to race out to cut off strays, and more than once, the ponderous, sharp-tipped horns of the big steers ripped their chaps.

Finally, as evening approached, Mojava could be seen, far in the distance. The herd was going along at a steady pace, with Clay Odell's riders spaced out around it. This was the time to move, Buck decided. His heels dug into the chestnut's side. Together with the Carter boys, he sped down toward the trail.

Clay Odell saw them coming, and he reined his big horse in. His face was smug with satisfaction.

"Ain't no use your comin' around, boys," he said. "These longhorns have my brand on them—the same LAZY O that's registered in the Mojava county office! They're mine, official, now!"

Buck Desmond's voice cut like a knife.

"How long since you've been in Mojava?" he asked.

The big man smiled. "Four days. That's when I registered the brand."

"That's too bad," Buck said. "I reckon you didn't know when that after you left, half of Mojave's main street burned down. Including the county office — with both your brand registration and the Carter boys'. There's no way to prove whom the cattle belong to now!"

The badman's eyes flickered. His men were scattered around the herd, spaced out to patrol the longhorns.

"They won't help you," Buck said. "You're going to have to earn the herd yourself—against me!"

With a muffled curse, Clay Odell wrenched his horse over against Buck's. He flung himself from the saddle, on a heavy arm crushing against the wandering cowboy's neck. "If that's the way yuh want

it—" Together the two men crashed to the ground! Over and over they rolled—until suddenly Clay Odell sprang away with surprising agility. Then he jumped toward Buck, his heavy, sharp-heeled boots aiming for the wandering cowboy's rib cage.

At the last moment, Buck squirmed away, avoiding the boots by inches. He grabbed Odell's ankles and pulled hard.

The bigger man thudded heavily to the ground. In a moment, Buck was over him, leather-hard fists smashing away at his chest and jaw. Odell heaved up mightily. His legs flailed up, kicking desperately, as he strove to reach his guns. But Buck was straddling him, his blows relentless. Again and again the badman was knocked back, until a final dazing flurry of blows decided him. He lay there, eyes glazed.

Immediately, Buck sprang to his feet. The other riders were cantering in, guns out.

Buck cupped his hands and shouted at them.

"Your boss is through and will shortly be in the hogsgow," he shouted. "If you want the same medicine, come on! Otherwise—hit the trail!"

The odds were closer now. The riders looked at Odell, helpless on the ground. They saw the Carter boys and Buck, guns ready. It took them a moment to decide. Then, wheeling their horses, they rode away. Odell was nothing to them. Their only loyalty was to their own skins.

"BUCK, you shore saved the herd for us," Bob Carter chortled jubilantly. "As soon as you stopped me yesterday, I realized we'd be better off waiting till they were scattered, to come to a showdown. This was the time to do it!"

"That's right," his brother said. "And, with the county office records burned, it didn't make any difference whose brand was on the stock. We could have proved they had been changed anyway by the unhealed scars. But what I don't get, Buck, was why you let them take the herd in this far?"

Buck smiled.

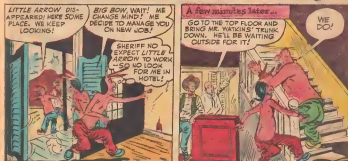
"That's simple enough," he said. "I'm a lazy man by nature. What's the sense of you boys hazing this rough, tough herd all the way into town when Odell and his waddies were so anxious to do it for you? Let them have the pleasure—I say!"

THE END

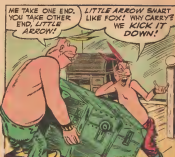
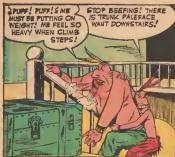
Rambling BUCK DESMOND roves to new excitement in every issue of GABBY HAYES WESTERN.

BIG BOW and LITTLE ARROW

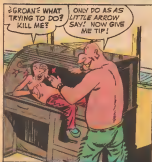
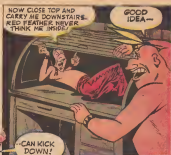
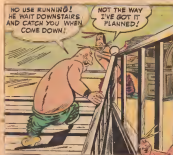
*"The
HIDE-OUT"*



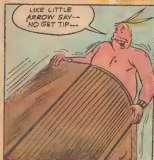
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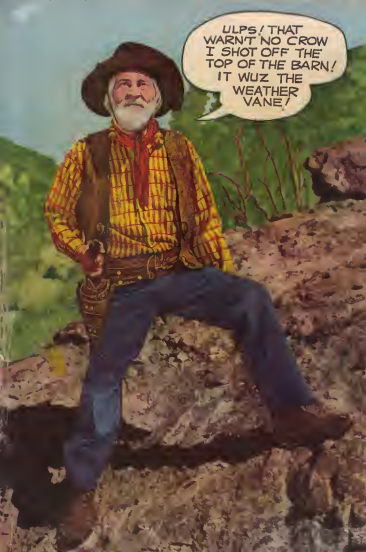












ULPS! THAT
WARNT' NO CROW
I SHOT OFF THE
TOP OF THE BARN!
IT WUZ THE
WEATHER
VANE!